





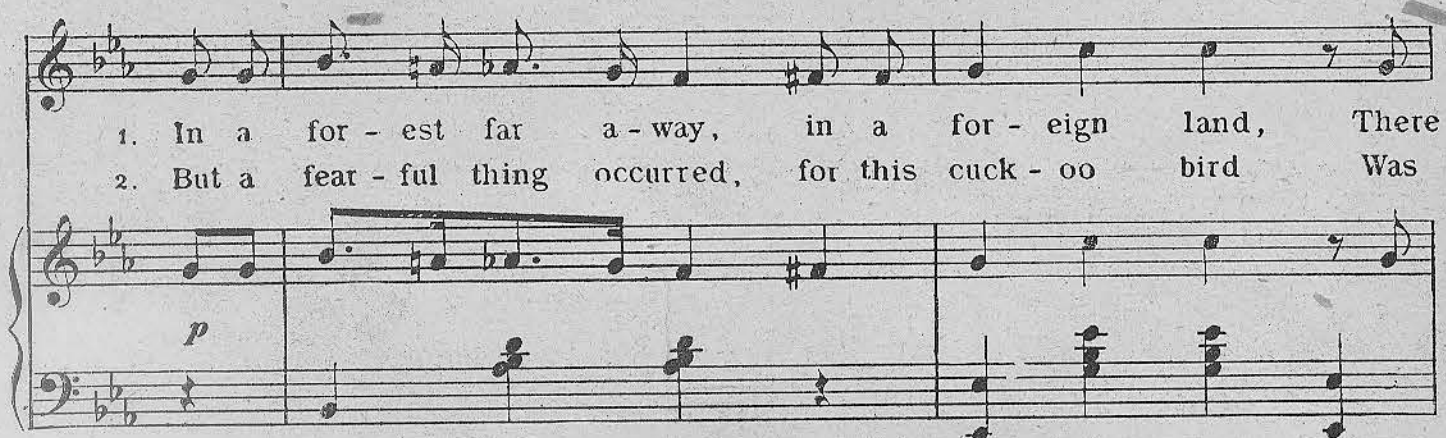
# THE CUCKOO BIRD

Words & Music by FRED MEYER

Moderato



1. In a for - est far a - way, in a for - eign land, There  
2. But a fear - ful thing occurred, for this cuck - oo bird Was



lived a lit - tle cuck - oo - bird That met a love - ly la - dy bird of  
cap - tured in a trap one day, And oh! the dreadful shock, they put him



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plu-mage grand, And his heart with love was strange-ly stirred. Af-ter  
in a clock, Just to mark the hours that passed a - way. But his

sun-down he would call her, and while the stars a - bove On his  
heart was ev - er loy - al to her who sad - ly sighed, For her

hap-py wooing gleamed so bright, In her tree-top home she'd listen to the  
lov-er pining all ..... a - lone; And each quarter of an hour, from the

song of love That, with long - ing heart, he'd sing all night:  
clock's in - side, He would sing this song in mourn - ful tone:  
*poco rit.* (Cuckoo)



# CHORUS

Cuck-oo! Cuck-oo! Oh, my lit-tle love, I want you! Cuck-

-oo! Cuck - oo! Just say you love me, do, oh, do! Cuck - oo! Cuck -

-oo! To you I will be true! And from his lit - tle bow'r, That's

what he sang each hour: Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! -oo!

1. D.S. 2.